

And Mountaigne our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
And Somerset, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskillfull, why not Ned and I,
For once allow'd the skillfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Courfe (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shielues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Beside the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.
Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.
Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.
Som. And he that will still fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.
Qu. Thanks gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprovided.
Som. But hee's decei'd, we are in readinesse.
Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hewne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Gue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queens, Clarence,
Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake,
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subject, prou'd ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene so resolu'd.
Rich. That you might still haue worn the Petticoat,
And ne're haue stolne the Breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Asop fable in a Winters Night,
His Curious Riddles sorts not with this place.
Rich. By Heauen, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men,
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.
Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnprofitfull:
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periu'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dicke, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periu'd.

Qu. Oh, kill me too!

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why should thee liue, to fill the World with
words.

Edw. What? doth thee twowne? 'tse means for her
recouerie.

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Canst thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!

They that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,

If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe.

And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:

You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,

But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.

As deathmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:

Here leath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it.

Cl. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou wast to forswear thy selfe.

Twice Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that diuels butcher Richard?

Hard fauor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murder is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Clarence.

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, discharge the common fort

With Pay and Thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,

By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant
on the Wall.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,

Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,

And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our felues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreakelesse shepherd from y Wolfe:

So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,

And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath Rosins now to Acte?

Rich. Suspicion alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush;

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuishe Foole was that of Creet,

That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy Icarus,

Thy Father Minos, that deni'de our courfe,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy,

Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragick History

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,

If murdering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume,

Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans sight, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-standing eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,

Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou wast borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding lucklesse time,

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chart'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast borne,

To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'st

Rich. He heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,

O God forgiue my finnes, and pardon thee.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that with the downfall of our house.

If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,

Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:

For I haue often heard my Mother say,

I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make haft,

And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'd

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And